

So close

Von ferowyn

So close

Thanks to **Savenia** for the correction!

So close

*When you're gone
How can I even try to go on
When you're gone
Though I try how can I carry on?(1)*

I am standing in a corner of the ballroom, watching them dance. He is leading her through the room, each step perfectly matching the percussions' beats. I have never seen her move that elegantly.

I am also watching her snuggle into him. Slow waltz is a very romantic dance, and they both use that opportunity to be *cute* and *in love* and *perfect*. It is tearing me apart.

I hate him. He is my biggest enemy ... and still I have to be grateful he is there. After all he is the one who is making her happy.

I want to turn around, to look somewhere else, but I cannot take my eyes off of her. She is amazing.

A sharp turn, her hair is swirling through the air. Her eyes are shining. She accidentally looks into my direction and my heart skips a beat ... well, it would, if that were possible.

It hurts to see her admire that guy. She is my best friend. My girl. My reason. My *everything*.

I have to look away.

I know that it is my own fault, always was and forever will be.

It is difficult to remember the time we met ... The memory is somehow fuzzy and blurry. We attended the same school. I have forgotten how it started, but we became friends, grew closer. And eventually I fell in love with her. I knew from the beginning that she would never have reciprocated my feelings. I was not her type – neither in appearance, nor in character or behaviour. Moreover, I am a girl. And she is straight as hell ... As I said, no chance.

Nevertheless I stayed with her. She was the air I breathed. I simply could not be without her.

I actually told her I loved her. Once. But she was asleep ... thus it does not count.

Anyway, it would not have changed anything if I had told her. Well, apart from the little side effect that it would have destroyed our friendship. So I kept quiet.
Then she met him. Somewhere, somehow ... I do not know the details, and I do not want to. She immediately liked him. So I did my duty as her best friend.
I got his mobile number.
I organised her a date. And another one.
I made them strike up a relationship.
I destroyed my own life. Took away my air. My reason. My everything.
I made her happy.

And this got me here. Into this ballroom. Alone.
She keeps turning her head, as if she is looking for someone. Maybe she is feeling observed. Well, I have been watching her the whole evening ... But she will not find me. Ghosts are invisible.

I do not remember how it happened. A knife? A bullet? Did I jump? It does not matter. Everything that matters is her.
I wince when I hear the first beats of the next song. Rumba. The dance that is said equal to sex on the dance floor. They have not been dancing for as long as I have, so the figures and moves are quite restrained. But still ... I compress my jaws.
I want to be the one dancing with her. Only once. One first time.
One *last* time.

The music stops. The band pauses for a minute and then they strike up a new song.
I gulp. *So close*. My favourite song. My favourite dance.
Her eyes are shining, her cheeks burning.
I tremble.
Then, without really realising what I am doing, I am on my way towards her ... it is not hard to get past the other dancers. After all I am bodiless. The ones I touch shiver briefly, but that is all.
I have reached the couple within seconds. For a moment I hesitate, but then I simply glide into her boyfriend's body. His mind gives up immediately, lets mine take over. I have no idea how I know what to do, but I could not care less. I am going to dance with her, it is all that matters.
For a few seconds I look into her beautiful eyes then I start to move.
With big steps I lead her through the ball room, spinning on the wooden floor. Viennese waltz is awesome. *She* is awesome.
I enjoy every second close to her and force myself not to think of the time after this dance. Savour the here and now. It is everything I have got.

*So close to reaching that famous happy end
Almost believing this one's not pretend
And now you're beside me and look how far we've come
So far we are so close*

*How could I face the faceless days
If I should lose you now?
We're so close
To reaching that famous happy end*

*Almost believing this one's not pretend
Let's go on dreaming for we know we are
So close*

When the music fades I make her spin, then I leave this unfamiliar body and glide towards the door. I look back one last time, only to see them kiss. Tenderly, lovingly. With tears in my eyes I turn away. And then I am-

*So close
And still so far(2)*

gone.

In an unobserved moment she let the tear that she had suppressed the whole evening run down her cheek. This was not right. She was not with the person she wanted to be

...

Of course she had feelings for him, but he was not *her*. Her best friend. Her girl. Her reason. Her *everything*. She had taken him because she had known she could be happy with him. Not as happy as she would be with *her*, but happy enough. It was probably not fair, but it was the best. The other girl would never have loved her. After all they were both women.

And now *she* was gone. Dead.

So he was everything she had got.

1) ABBA, SOS

2) Jon Mclaughlin, So close